

The Battle of Mombasa

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Summary: This is the story of six Marines' fight for survival. This is the story of the Battle of Mombasa. This is Halo. WARNING: DO NOT READ IF YOU ARE FAINT IN HEART.

1. Chapter 1

****Preface:****

Mombasa was once a great port city. It was a vital lifeline to Earth's forces. It sent all kinds of supplies to other colonies. When the Covenant attacked, it was a deep blow for the UNSC. A month later, the 506th Tank Regiment and the 77th Marine Regiment were given orders to reclaim the city, and secure any human resources and civilians. When they entered the city, the only remaining thing in the entire city, was a bridge connecting one half to the other. Other than that, small buildings and hotels were barely standing. Hiding in the rubble, were hundreds of thousands of Covenant diehards. Their orders were to keep the city, and whatever tactical resources it held. The battle raged on for a grueling seven days. This is the story of one Marine. This is the story of The Second Battle of Mombasa.

2. The Beginning of the End

****Chapter 1: The Beginning of the End****

Bryn sat in the Pelican. He looked around, and saw his fellow Marines. They Pelican rumbled, and everyone grabbed the sides of their seats, and steadied themselves.

"Get ready for heavy fire Marines, the LZs getting hot and quick." the pilot shouted back. Bryn's commander, Lt. Pawel made thumbs up, and hopped in the empty co-pilot's seat. He wouldn't be landing on this run. All of the Marines stood up, and steadily walked towards the landing hatch of the Pelican. A loud hissing sound could be

heard, and the hatch slowly opened up. The bright sun flashed into the Pelican, and everyone squinted from the sudden flash of light. As their eyes got used to the light, the Marines lined up, and prepared for the jump.

"Let's do this thing!" shouted a fellow Marine.

"Hoo-raw!" Bryn and the Marines shouted in reply. Bryn was the first one at the opened hatch. He looked out, and saw another twenty Pelicans. It was only a force of about three hundred men. This would be a hard fight. Bryn could also see a force of about six hundred diehard Covenant loyalists. The Pelican lowered itself onto a large steel piece, which hung over the sea. The steel object was roughly seven hundred meters in length, and five hundred meters in width. The entire fleet of Pelicans lowered themselves above the steel LZ. It was about three feet off the ground, and the Marines would have to jump it down.

Before anyone left the Pelicans, the birds fired all eight ANVIL-II ASM. It wiped out the entire Covenant forces on the LZ. Bryn jumped down, and was accompanied by the fifteen other Marines of his squad. He looked to where the Covenant's corpses were located, and saw another wave of them coming. There were about four pairs of Hunters. Each pair aimed their Fuel Rod Guns at a Pelican. Green beams flew towards them, and hit four Pelicans. Immediately, huge red/orange flames engulfed the metal of the Pelicans. The metal fused together, and the screams of the pilots could be heard. The four downed Birds tumbled down, and hit the steel platform. Luckily, every Marine was already on the ground. They ran from the burning Pelicans in confusion. The Fuel Rod Guns were already warming up, but it was too late, Lt. Pawel's Pelican flew away with the other sixteen birds.

"Alright men," a corporal named James Dessen shouted, "we need to secure the LZ if we want those Pelicans back. Hide behind the wreckage of the Pelicans if they aren't still on fire." He shouted. Bryn and his companion, Ian Callahan, ran to the cover of a burned out Pelican wing. They readied their guns, and took aim with their BR55s, and shot down a small pack of Grunts, and a Brute. Dessen started to run to the closest crashed Pelican with a four man group. These men carried: a BR55 Rifle, an S2 AM Sniper Rifle, an M90 Shotgun, and an M6C Pistol.

"Hey, Ian," Bryn shouted, "go get orders from Dessen, and then run back and tell me!" he shouted.

"Ok, whatever you say." Ian said as he abandoned his position, and ran towards Dessen. By now, three more Marines ran to Bryn's position. Bryn watched Ian carefully, to see if he was safe. Dessen, was about twenty meters away from Bryn, but since Ian was the fastest runner, Bryn thought he could make it safely. He was about halfway between Dessen and Bryn, when two Jackals jumped him. One hit Ian in the face with its Particle Beam Rifle. Ian swayed back and forth, his nose began to bleed badly, and then fell. The second Jackal holstered its Plasma Rifle, and grabbed Ian's arms in a death grip. The Jackals dragged him roughly over to a burning Pelican. Ian's body was limp, as he was dragged over the cracked, rough, metal. Bryn didn't know why they were dragging him instead of just killing him, but he didn't care. He reloaded his BR55 Rifle, and started to run towards them. He could hear the bullets whizzing by. He could hear the plasma hitting

men and metal. He could hear men screaming for their lives. He felt death creep up on the entire Marine force. He saw a huge explosion from a Hunter in front of him, but Bryn kept running until he was in front of the Hunter. When he got to the Hunter, he barrel rolled to the side, and landed on his feet. He ran to the two Jackals who had Ian. Now, two Marines were behind him and covering him. Bryn melee the first Jackal in the face, and then again in its gut. The Jackal fell to the floor. Its brains were splattered on the hot metal. Its companion quickly turned around and screeched. It pulled the plasma rifle that was at its side out, and aimed at Bryn. The Jackal shot a series of rounds at Bryn, and hit him once in the foot. Bryn screamed in pain of the heat on his foot. In a rage, Bryn shot a whole clip into the Jackal, as it fell to the floor. Its blue and purple blood splashed across a Grunts face, and it ran in terror. Bryn grabbed his friend and dragged him painfully back across the landing zone. The two Marines covered Bryn, as he slowly but surely made his way back to the first downed Pelican. On the way back, one Marine was hit with a Hunter's shield, which made him fly across the battlefield, screaming, and into a burning Pelican. The second Marine attached a plasma grenade onto the Hunter's face, and ran for it. The Hunter roared in anger, and shot his Fuel Rod Gun. It killed two Marines, splashing their blood across the metal of the LZ. The Hunter ran blindly around, and then the plasma grenade detonated, and it fell to the ground. Bryn had now brought his friend back to the main LZ, and gave Ian to a medic.

"He got hit in the face with a Particle Beam Rifle." Bryn shouted to the medic. He wasn't worried that much, because it was just a hit in the face.

"Alright, that shouldn't be too bad." The medic shouted over the fighting to Bryn. Upon hearing the news, he then turned around, and ran towards the middle of the metal. There were several craters from Hunters, which provided the Marines some cover. Another wave of six hundred Covenant soldiers were about to overrun them. Bryn was in a crater along with Dessen and another four Marines. There was a man with an M19 SSM Rocket Launcher, and another with a Fuel Rod Cannon. As the second wave of Covenant came running towards the Marines, the two men shot their artillery at them. About fifty Covenants were engulfed in flames and plasma and then fell to the ground. Their bodies became scorched and blackened. Hundreds of Grunts ran forward carrying Needlers and Plasma Rifles. The Grunts shot blindly at the pinned down Marines. Already, there were about fifty Marines totaled. When all hope seemed gone, Four Pelicans came thundering into view of the Covenant. The Pelicans shot all eight of their missiles, and shot their gattling guns at Brutes. The Covenant ducked, and ran away. Five pairs of Hunters, thrashed their way to the front lines. They aimed their massive weapons, but to avoid another bird down, the Pelicans screeched away. It was too late; one Pelican was hit with the green plasma, and fell to the ground. It missed the LZ and fell into the icy water. The Marines on the ground could hear the pilot attempting to recover his bird until his voice was blotted out by the water. While the Hunters were busy trying to shoot down the last remaining Pelican (Lt. Pawel's bird.) A squad of Marines made a mad dash on the Hunters. Bryn was one of the men. They ran to the pairs, and threw a plasma grenade on each Hunter. They flailed violently, and swung their heavy metal shields around, killing one Marine with a blow to the head. After what seemed an eternity to the dodging squad, the grenades blew up, and the stunned Hunters were recovering from the attack. The squad threw another set of plasma grenades, and

finished the Hunter. Lt. Pawel's Pelican came safely over the battle field again, and shot its eight ANVIL-II ASM missiles at the remaining wave of Covenant fighters. The Covenant diehards ran to fight another day. The remaining Marines hooted and hollered as the Covenant ran in terror.

They jumped out of the holes, and danced in glee. Brothers hugged each other and men sang happily. They had finally won the LZ, and help should arrive shortly. Lt. Pawel's Pelican landed in the center of the LZ. The hatch opened, to show a fresh squad of fifteen soldiers ready and well equipped. Along with these men, Pawel carried ammunition and food. Two rows of Marines filed outside of the Pelican, and Lt. Pawel slowly walked out. His hair waved messily in the wind. When he was fully out of the Pelican, its door closed tightly, and the Bird flew off into the distance. The fifty Marines which had survived this day long battle, cheered wildly for their Lieutenant. As the sun set, two hundred and fifty Marines' blood stained the metal LZ, and painted it a dull crimson red. Pelicans burned from the first shots of the battle, and wounded men screamed in pain of their lost limbs. After the day of fighting, the LZ had been taken by the Marines, but the battle had only just begun. The marines would have to carry on with their small numbers until help arrived.

3. Journal Entry, November 7, 2552 by Bryn

November 7, 2552

We arrived at the LZ, and were immediately being fired upon. The Covenant bastards gave us hell the whole day through. I jumped off the Pelican, and into hell. Four of our Pelicans burst into flames from the Hunter attack. I ducked for cover, and readied for a fight. I thought we were all screwed until Dessen took charge. Ian and I ran to a safe wing of a downed Pelican, and killed off a pack of Grunts, and a Brute. Dessen had made it to another Pelican, and I told Ian to run over and get us orders. He was about half way to him, and two Jackals jumped him, and dragged him back to their Pelican. I had to save my friend. I ran, and dodged a Hunter. When I got to my friends captors, I killed both but I was too late. One Jackal shot me in my foot. It burned like hell. I dragged Ian back to the medic, and was covered by two Marines. My life is in their hands. If they made it through today. We fought hard for the whole day, and finally were saved by Lt. Pawel's pelican. Thank God for him. The Covenant ran in fear of the man. We cheered and danced when they ran. Soon after he arrived, the sun came up, and we had to move on. Right now, we are watching a bridge. I can see Covenant bastards running around on the other side of the bridge. There's a sniper Jacke

Bryn Mortium

Born: October 8, 2532

Died: November 7, 2552

RIP: Beloved brother and son. Valiant warrior and brave soldier that died in battle. You will be missed.

4. The Fall of the Northern Bridge

****Chapter 4: The Fall of the Northern Bridge****

Russel Tinnier sat in the Pelican. The LZ had been taken that night. He looked around, and saw a friend of his, Thomas C. Mayer. Thomas sat next to him.

"Hey man, how 'bout when we get off this Pelican, we stay next to each other, and protect each other?" he asked. Thomas's voice sounded calm and friendly, it gave Russel hope.

"Ok cool." Russel said putting his tanned tightened fist in the air. Thomas hit his knuckles against Russel's as they both said,

"Knuckle touch." and laughed heartedly. They knew that even games wouldn't last forever. The pilot lowered the bird, and the hatched opened slowly. A Marine private was standing there ready to take the fifteen men to their positions. There were another thirty Pelicans landing, and a Marine private assigned to take each payload to the frontlines, and swap them with wounded men. Russel and Thomas slowly stood up, and filed out of the bird. Gunfire could be heard from all around, along with the Covenant's battle cries. Small explosions could be heard, as Hunter's fuel rod guns blew massive holes in the Marines' ranks. The Marine private, Russel now knew him as Private Caio Zanato, shouted back to the Marines exiting the Pelican,

"Alright, I just heard there was a massive Brute attack just after you get off the Northern Bridge. They need more ammo, and men. You guys need to take the crates of ammo, and your asses down there ASAP." The private was scarred, as any sane man would be, and his voice did not hide it well. Russel and Thomas turned back to the Pelican, and helped form a line. A Marine still in the Pelican, slid a box of ammunition off the Pelican, and into the hands of two Marines, who would run it to the Northern Bridge. While they were running, another two marines stepped up, and ran it down to the frontlines. When Russel and Thomas were handed a box of ammo, they heaved it up, and quickly ran it towards the Bridge.

On his way to the Bridge, Russel could see the sun rising over a war torn battlefield. The once great city had been taken to ruins, by the First Battle of Mombasa, which Russel served in, but this was awful. There were dead men still lying in the craters. Buildings that were still mostly up in the Fight for the LZ, had been completely demolished by the grenades, mortars, Hunters, and Pelicans. Russel came by a huge hole, at least ten feet in width and eight in depth, and looked in while he still had the ammunition. The hole was filled with the mangled bodies of dead Marines, and Covenant soldiers alike. A Marine was standing by the hole, and poured gasoline over the bodies. He then lit a match, and threw it in. He watched respectfully as the bodies burned.

"Why do so many brave men have to fight for such a cruel species to live?" the man asked himself as he picked his MA5K assault rifle up, and turned back to the fight. Russel almost dropped the ammo when he saw the terrible, frightened faces of the Marines. The man had been right with his question. It made Russel think about all the battles he'd ever fought in. Russel discarded the thought to the back of his mind, and hurried along to the bridge. When he arrived, the other Marines from his Pelican were there. He saw a tall man, with a

cleanly shaven face, and deeply inset brown eyes, walk towards Thomas and him.

"I guess you're from the new Pelican." The man said.

"Yes sir. We are." Thomas spoke up before Russel could; he was still in shock of the burning Marines.

"Alright, set the ammo down, and get yourself loaded up. Youv'e just entered Hell and the only way to leave, is to kill them Brutes, and take this Bridge." He said.

"Yes, sir!" Russel shouted this time. The man picked up an M5C pistol, and turned to walk away. Just then, he turned around and said,

"By the way, I'm Corporal James Dessen. I've been appointed the Ground Commander as of this morning. You won't see it in any books, though. I appointed myself. Nobody seems to mind though." With that, Dessen turned back around, and took up a position behind a smashed wall. He popped up, and shot a Brute, point blank, in the face.

Russel picked an MA5K assault rifle out of the crate, along with three clips of ammo. He also picked up four grenades, and two plasma grenades. Thomas picked up an SMG, and a M19 SSM Rocket Launcher. Thomas also picked up four extra rockets. His rocket launcher had all six shots loaded in the clip. Along with these, Thomas picked up four grenades and one plasma grenade. They both ran to the portion of the upright wall where Dessen was at, and shot at the Brutes. Wave after wave of Brutes came over the Bridge. There bodies piled up so much, that it made a wall of protection for the Brutes. They would let the bodies build up, and make a ramp, and they would then proceed to charge over the bodies, and add themselves onto the cover. Russel threw a plasma grenade at the Brute onslaught, but it did nothing. There were too many Brute forces. After half a day, and keeping the Brutes at bay, a Hunter group made its way through the Brute carnage. At the center of the Bridge, they stopped, leveled their guns, and charged their fuel rod guns. The Hunter on the left swept a powerful blow at the Marines. It started at the center of the bridge, and it moved its gun across the left of the battlefield. The Hunter on the right, started at the center like it brother but instead swept its powerful green plasma towards the right. The blow was devastating towards the Marines. It had made their day's victory against the Brutes mean nothing. Of the three hundred and fifty soldiers at the start of the day, only two hundred remained from the constant waves of Brutes, and the Hunters had just taken fifty more soldiers from the fight. Thomas wouldn't let the Hunters take any more lives. He aimed for the unsuspecting Hunter head, and shot two rockets at it. The smoke streamed after the projectiles, as it hit the face of the Hunter. Thomas quickly reloaded the rockets, and shot another two missiles at the lumbering beast's companion. They both fell, three seconds after the other, and the Brutes began to roar in anger and rage.

At 13:30, Dessen ran to Russel and Thomas.

"I need you two to take down that bridge! We'll cover yah from back here. We just got the 12.7mm three-barreled machine guns from a drop off ten minutes ago. You need to take that bridge down ASAP." Dessen

shouted to the two men over the noise of the warfront. He pointed sternly at the bridge as he talked. When Dessen finished talking, he handed Russel a small time bomb. They both nodded, and looked at their target. It was as long as a three lane road. And quite thick as well. The machine guns were mounted, and the men rowdie ran towards the center of the bridge. The bullets, plasma, and rockets streamed by their heads. When Russel and Thomas made it to the center of the bridge, Thomas crouched and took aim at the charging Brute force. Almost half disappeared behind the cover of their newly formed wall, and took aim. The machine gun turrets turned, and kept the Brutes ducking for cover. A desperate Brute force ran head over heels at the two men on the beaten and battered bridge. So many Brutes had charged that they finally made it onto the main bridge, and began shooting at Russel and Thomas. Thomas shot a rocket to the left and a rocket to the right of Russel. Half of each side fell, only to be replaced by more Brutes. There must have been ten thousand dead bodies on this bridge, and Russel was intent on not becoming one of them. He finished the preparations, and timed it for two minutes. As He turned and ran back, he unloaded a clip on five Brutes. They fell instantaneously. Russel and Thomas ran towards the Marines on their side of the bridge. They both threw their remaining three plasma grenades, and started on their regular grenades, when a Brute grabbed Russel. He fell to the ground, and turned to shoot at the Brute's face. It was too late. A man grabbed Russel, and threw him towards the Marines. He rolled onto the dirt, and slowly stood up. His leg was broke. Just then, a huge explosion range out, and a sudden flash of light appeared. The machine guns started their humming which grew in speed as they warmed up. The light cleared, and the smoke began to settle. Russel and Thomas turned back, to see their objective complete. The Marines hollered, but did not cheer like the day before. Instead,

"Hoo-Raw!" could be heard through their ranks. Russel looked for Dessen, but couldn't see him. He asked a fellow Marine,

"Hey, where's Corporal Dessen?" Russel asked now becoming worried.

"He saved your ass back their. He's gone." The Marine replied solemnly, and frowned.

"Oh." Was the only thing Russel could say. He hadn't even known the man for over a day, but he was a great commander. The Marines would be in ruin for quite a while. It was the worst thing possible, since there were more Brutes entering through the trenches.

The battle raged for only half a day, but over two hundred and fifty men had lost their lives in those eleven hours. The only monument of human existence, the Bridge, had been demolished, and the Marines leaderless. Hundreds of thousands of Brutes were dead, and blown to high heaven. Where will the Marines look for leadership?

5. The Next War

November 8, 2552

From the beginning of the day, I felt death. Who would have known that instead of taking me, it took two hundred and fifty brave soldiers? Along with one kick ass leader. I miss my family, and my

leg was shot tonight with a Spiker. It burns and I wish they killed me. I must fight another day for the dead ones though. I haven't seen Tommy, but I can feel his life. He is still alive, maybe he wishes it was not so like meâ€| maybe notâ€| Tommy isn't like that.

Oh, Death was never an enemy of ours,
We laughed, knowing that better men would come,
And greater wars: when each proud fighter brags
He wars on Death, for lives: not men, for flags.

End
file.